

Mr. Dater looked at his wife's sparkling eyes and crimson cheeks in some surprise; he had never before seen her spirit so thoroughly aroused.

"What do you mean, Maria?"

"I mean, Edward, that if you can discharge all the family expenditures for five dollars a day, you may have the satisfaction of trying the experiment forthwith. Here are my keys."

Mr. Dater backed dubiously away from the proffered keys of office.

"But my dear," he said, hurriedly, "you forget the demands of business."

"Let business be adjourned for once," insisted the wife. "I tell you I will not undertake any longer to keep house with insufficient funds."

Mr. Dater looked at his wife. There was a resolution in her blue eyes and closely compressed lips which he felt it would be entirely useless to combat.

"Very well, my dear," he said, composedly drawing off his gloves, "if you really insist upon it I shall be very happy to show you the truth of Sam Patch's observation that some things can be done as well as others. You will please send all servants' bills and other necessities to me to-day."

"And I suppose I may avail myself of this opportunity to bring up the arrears of my neglected correspondence," said his wife. "It is not often that I enjoy such access in my housekeeping duties."

"Just ex-act-ly as you please, my dear."

Mr. Dater calmly sat down in his easy-chair, lighted a cigar, and prepared to read the newspaper. Mrs. Dater, after ringing the bell and consigning the rosy baby to the care of a servant, composedly took her seat in front of the rosewood secretary, and began her task of writing letters.

"If this is housekeeping, it isn't such bad fun, after all!" thought our hero, as he tipped his chair back after the fashion of mankind, and lazily watched the golden thread of a sunbeam stretched luminously across the tinted ceiling.

Presently a heavy footfall sounded along the carpeted hall, and Ellen, the cook, appeared.

"If ye please, ma'am, what'll we be after havin' for dinner?"

"Mr. Dater will attend to you, Ellen," said the abdicated sovereign, calmly motioning with her hand toward her husband.

Mr. Dater was a little puzzled how to meet this emergency, but not for worlds would he have owned it!

"Roast fowls, Ellen, with currant jelly and celery—and mince-pie and suet pudding for dessert! (that sounds all right, any how!)"

"If ye'll give me the money, Sir, I'll go to market right off."

"How much do you require, Ellen?"

Ellen reckoned up the sum on the ends of her stout red fingers.

"I'll be two dollars for the fowls, Sir, and a half dollar for the vegetables."

"Two dollars and a half! Isn't that a good deal of money, Ellen?"

"And twenty-five cents for the jelly, Sir," added the relentless Ellen.

Mr. Dater reluctantly counted out the money. "Be as economical as you can, Ellen."

Ellen went out, tossing her head, and muttering under her breath certain undeniable truisms respecting "hen-husies!"

"The newspaper bill, Sir," said Mary, the chamber-maid, entering on tip-toe, with a narrow slip of paper between her fingers.

"What is it?"

"Thirty cents, Sir."

Mr. Dater again unclasped his portemonnaie and handed out the requisite sum. It was hardly more than a moment before Mary again came in.

"If you please, Sir, the wood you ordered has come home, and Patrick Daly wants a dollar for splitting it up."

"A dollar!" fretted our housekeeper; "that is too much!"

"He worked half a day at it, Sir, and it's what he has always asked," said Mary, respectfully.

"Take it, then!" sharply responded Mr. Dater. "I must see if I can't get some one to work for me a little cheaper. I don't believe in paying the highest prices for the least possible amount of work!"

This was a bomb-shell thrown belligerently into Mrs. Dater's camp, but that lady wrote serenely on. It was not her cue to notice any such indirect method of warfare.

"The big kittle, Sir, home from the tinman's," put in Mary, once more.—"It's fifty cents, Sir, if you please."

"Fifty cents! Fifty cents for mending a tin kittle!" cried our hero.

"Yes, Sir; it's soldered in two places, and—"

There is a grocer's boy coming up the street," said Mrs. Dater, glancing out of the window. And, sure enough, Ellen entered presently, with sleeves rolled up and white bib-apron tied under her chin.

"The bill from the grocer's, Mr. Dater, all ready receipted."

"Raisins, spices, soap, prepared flour—eggs—clothes-pins—carpet-tacks—lemons—hums—in—four dollars and seventy-five cents! Four dollars and seventy-five cents for a grocer's bill of two days' standing! My dear! my dear! this should be looked into! There must be some screw-loose in our house-keeping!"

"You complained that the puddingsauce was not rich enough yesterday, Edward," said Mrs. Dater, deliberately folding the little note she had just written; "and last week you said that cake without a sufficiency of raisins and spices, was merely a galvanized bread."

"A man don't want all his chance speeches eternally brought up against him," muttered Mr. Dater, looking rather confused, while his wife dated another gilt-edged sheet of paper, and a second letter.

"Well, what now?" demanded Mr. Dater, in a despairing accent, as Mary came in once more, stepping softly.

"It's the shoemaker's bill, Sir; and would ye be pleased to pay it now for his rent comes due to-morrow, he says."

"How much is it?"

"Seven dollars, Sir," Mary handed him the bill.

"Seven dollars! For two pairs of children's shoes! My dear Maria, isn't that rather unnecessarily extravagant?"

"If you remember, Edward, you reproved me, only yesterday, for allowing Bessie to go out walking in such shabby shoes."

"Well, there's no use in saying anything. I suppose the bill has got to be paid, as the shoes are bought."

"I suppose so, too," said his wife, dryly.

But no more remarks were made until Bessie and Tommy, two apple-cheeked boys of seven and nine, came bounding in from school, at noon, rosy and hysterical.

"Mamma! mamma! I want fifty cents for my new Geography, and Tommy wants a quarter for his slate! Tommy's going into the ciphering class, mamma."

"Go to your father, my dear," said Mrs. Dater; and the pater familias slowly disbursed the requisite funds, silently pursuing up his mouth into a whistling pose as he did so.

"Papa! papa!" stormed little Tommy, clattering up stairs a minute or two afterwards, with all the combined energy of copper-toes and iron-nailed heels. "Ellen wants a bottle of olive oil to make dressing for the celery salad. Can I go to the grocery after it? Can I, papa? Give us a dollar!"

Mr. Dater looked at the dollar and thought of the cool, delicious celery salad—his greatest gastronomic temptation. The latter consideration proved too strong for economy.

"Run along, then, my son, and make haste."

"Can I have ten cents for some oranges, papa?" pleaded the child.

"Yes, Godsend!"

After dinner, during which he did ample justice to the celery salad, Mr. Dater lay down on the lounge for his usual siesta. No sooner, however, did the drowsy influence of Morpheus begin to steal over his eyelids than Bessie's voice interrupted the dreamy lapse of forgetfulness.

"Papa!" cried the boy, "Mary said I was to give you this bill."

"Bills! more bills!" ejaculated poor Mr. Dater, sitting up with a suddenness that made Bessie start. "Is life one tremendous bill?—one endless siege of your pocket?"

"I sometimes think so," said Mrs. Dater, who was singing her baby to sleep by the fireside, in the soft, low cadences that mothers learn by instinct.

"Six dollars! Is it possible that we, a moderately sized family, burn six dollars' worth of gas in a month?" he exclaimed, reproachfully.

"I tried, a while ago, to economize in the gas, Edward," said his wife, but you scolded me for making the house as gloomy as a cavern!"

Without another word Mr. Dater paid the obnoxious bill, and lay back upon the lounge with a sigh that might have come from the "Cave of the Winds!"

For just one hour he lay there, silent and motionless, but not asleep. At the end of that time he spoke out.

"Mrs. Dater!"

"Yes."

"Here are your keys."

"Thank you. Have you given house-keeping a sufficiently long trial?"

"Do you always have so many bills to pay in a single day?"

"Not always. The gas bill is a special expense, and the boys don't have new shoes every day. But there are other incidental expenses, and, altogether, today is a pretty fair specimen of the various demands levied upon my purse."

"Do you know how much money I have spent to-day?"

"Yes. Twenty-four dollars and fifteen cents, is it not?"

"Yes."

There was a dead silence of a few moments.

"My dear," said Mr. Dater, at length, "I have been wrong."

"I thought men were never wrong, remarked Mrs. Dater, satirically.

Her husband coughed behind his hand, wisely contriving not to hear the speech.

"And," he went on, in measured accents, "I think I shall increase your house-keeping allowance. Instead of one hundred and fifty dollars I shall henceforward give you two hundred and fifty dollars a month."

"As a special favor, or as a mere matter of right and justice?" demanded the lady.

"As a mere matter of right and justice, my dear," said docile Mr. Dater.

"Very well," said Mrs. Dater, with a merry twinkle in her blue eyes, and a sympathetic quiver of her coral mouth. "I shall endeavor not to spend it foolishly."

"And now I think I had better go to my office, eh?" said Mr. Dater.

"Perhaps it would be as well," responded his wife, trying hard not to show too triumphant a consciousness of the signal victory she had just achieved.

From that December day Mr. Dater never questioned his wife's expenditure or doubted its wisdom.

"Women know best," he whispered, darily, to his most confidential friends.

"And—this is strictly between ourselves, now—I wouldn't go through with the daily bother and worry of house-keeping for ten times the money they spend. I wouldn't! indeed!"

And what man would?

THE RIVER QUEEN, Capt. Corbin, made two trips for Plattsburgh to St. Albans, taking over Horicon Hose Company No. 3, accompanied by Mayo's Band, on the morning trip, and returning with them in the evening. The Company was met at St. Albans Bay by a delegation from Washington No. 1, of St. Albans. This was but the beginning of kind attentions extended to the Plattsburgh boys by the St. Albans Firemen, who did everything in their power to make the visit a pleasant one. We hope an opportunity may soon occur to reciprocate the hospitalities. Only one engine from abroad being present, Water Witch No. 1, from Northfield, Vt., the first prize, \$100, was given to that Company, without a contest. The second prize, \$50, was presented as a token of regard to the Plattsburgh Hose Company.—Plattsburgh Sentinel.

THE NEW CONGRESS HALL, at Saratoga can accommodate twelve hundred guests, and cost \$500,000 which was raised by a stock company of citizens of that town. It has about one hundred miles of bell wire. The front piazza is the most superb in the United States. The main hall stretching through both wings, furnishes an unbroken promenade of nine hundred feet. The floor of timber alone, brought from Vermont, required six car loads a day for six months; 4,000,000 bricks were used; over forty tons of nails were driven, and seven hundred doors hung for the lodging rooms!

Sheep kept with cows are not so apt to be killed by dogs as when kept alone. The cows fight for them.

## Vermont Daily Transcript.

ST. ALBANS, VT.:  
SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1868.

### The Arrangement.

The Democratic Convention at New York further declares and resolves as follows:

We do declare and resolve that ever since the people of the United States threw off all subjection to the British crown, the privilege and trust of suffrage have belonged to the several States, and have been granted, regulated and controlled exclusively by the political power of each State respectively, and that any attempt by Congress to any extent to interfere with its exercise, is a flagrant usurpation of power which can find no warrant in the Constitution, and if sanctioned by the people will subvert our form of government and can only end in a single centralized and consolidated government in which the separate existence of the States will be entirely absorbed and an unequalled despotism be established in place of a Federal Union of equal States, and that we regard the reconstruction acts, so-called, of Congress as such an usurpation and unconstitutional, revolutionary and void; that our soldiers and sailors who carried the flag of our country to victory against a most gallant and determined foe must ever be gratefully remembered, and all the gratitudes given in their favor must be faithfully carried into execution. That the public lands should be distributed as widely as possible among the people, and should be disposed of either under the pre-emption of homestead land and sold in reasonable quantities and to none but actual occupants, at the minimum price established by the Government. When grants of public lands may be allowed necessary for the encouragement of important public improvements, the proceeds of the sale of such lands and not the lands themselves should be so applied; that the President of the United States, Andy Johnson (applause) in exercising the power of his high office in resisting the aggressions of Congress upon the Constitutional rights of the States and the people, is entitled to the gratitude of the whole American people, and in behalf of the Democratic party we tender him our thanks for his patriotic efforts in that regard.

Recent events, in the light of which alone the above clause concerning suffrage can be judged, seem to be against the ground taken by the convention. But it will be noticed that the charge against the Republican party, meant to be insinuated above, concerning interference with the right of States to regulate the suffrage, is equivocal and unfair. No one doubts that in the ordinary course of events Congress could not rightfully meddle with the suffrage in what are termed the "States." Now the disfranchisement and alienation of men once citizens, for wilful rebellion, is necessarily a meddling with suffrage in the State or States where such disfranchisement occurs. Will it be denied that Congress has the right to legislate for the protection of the country against traitors, where the treason has been overt and persistently notorious? And yet, the platform of the Democracy totally ignores the existence of armed traitors in rebellion for four years, and berates Congress all the time as if it had been exercising tyrannical power against States in perfect peace. Even the Southern States, which have more interest in this question than the Democratic party, have accepted the only sensible view of the situation, and have, eight of them, enfranchised the negroes, the only class in the South that did not rebel, and have thus accepted what is called reconstruction. If the tirade of the "arrangement" means anything, it means opposition to the plan which the South has accepted. The acceptance of this plan is irrevocable; and how do the Democracy propose to remedy it? They do not tell us, and they cannot. At best they could only appeal to the passions of dissatisfied and defeated rebels, and this they have done, in the name of the constitution which these rebels sought to destroy. It is true that the reconstruction acts are an unusual piece of legislation; but the rebellion which made them, or something very like them, necessary, was also unusual. Does the friend of the patient condemn the physician who uses the only possible remedy, and thus saves the patient? If he does, he should join the Democracy.

The beautiful literary production which we have thus hurriedly considered, ends as follows:

Upon this platform the Democratic party appeal to every patriot, including all the conservative element, and all who desire to support the Constitution and restore the Union, forgetting all past differences of opinion, to unite with us in the present great struggle for the liberties of the people, and that to all such, to whatever party they may have heretofore belonged, we extend the right hand of fellowship and hail all such co-operating with us as friends and brethren.

Let every man who desires to act in the campaign with fairness and honor to his country, read the two platforms adopted by the parties in this campaign. Let him then ask the question of himself, Where would this Union have been, and our Constitution, and our liberties, if a majority of the people had voted with the Democracy from 1861 until now? In such an event there would have been no Union, a broken Constitution, greater taxes, a greater standing army, a more intolerable military centralization of power in the North; and all this, with slavery firmly planted, in the South; there would have been a new republic on the Pacific, separated neces-

sarily from this of the East, European occupation of Mexico, and monarchies or aristocratic governments, watching on all possible sides to profit by our dire necessities and any mistake in policy or movement; and in the end this noble, free, thrifty, intelligent and powerful Republic would have been only a name and a memory.

Those who hesitate to question the patriotism of the Democratic masses or leaders, cannot, in the light of the past, fail to question their wisdom.

For the Transcript,  
L. J. C.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST.

On the death of Marshall Hayden Burgess, Jr. aged 3 years and 27 days.

O weep not for the darling child,  
Though he has passed away,  
Like a golden ray of sunlight,  
At the hour of parting day.

O mourn not, though his youthful form  
Is laid within the tomb,  
Ere sorrow shed a with'ring blight,  
Upon his spirit's bloom.

Sleep, gentle one! O sweetly sleep,  
Within thy grave so low,  
I would not wish thy spirit back,  
To dwell again below.

Where sorrow ever hovers near,  
To shroud the soul in gloom,  
'Tis better far for thee to rest,  
Within thy early tomb.

Thy Father call'd, and thou art gone,  
To thy bright world unknown,  
He bade thee bid adieu to earth,  
And took thee fondly home.

And now in yonder blissful realm,  
A spotless robe is thine,  
A jewell'd crown is given thee,  
Eternally to shine.

Then mourn not for the beautiful,  
Though he has passed away,  
Like a golden ray of sunlight,  
At the hour of parting day.

St. Albans, Vt.  
Mrs. F. L. C.

"Mischief that may be helped is hard to know," said Lord Brooke. But the mischief that time would work on the human hair may be forever avoided by the use of Barrett's Vegetable Hair Restorative, which never fails to bring back the hair to its original beauty.—Rochester Democrat.

When city folks are guests at farmers' houses, they ought to find better butter, fruit, and vegetables than money can buy at home.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WE would give this notice to our former friends and patrons, that on and after the 1st day of June, 1868, we shall sell our goods for

STRICTLY CASH

—AND—

ONE PRICE!!!

Having had sufficient experience in the credit system of doing business, we have concluded to make a change, and try the Cash System. Believing that we can sell our goods cheaper by adopting such a rule. Although a novelty in St. Albans, we are determined to try the plan. We have on hand a large stock of

READY MADE CLOTHING

—AND—

Furnishing Goods,

Which under this plan we will agree to sell 15 per cent less than any other firm in town that do business on the credit system.

Take notice and govern yourself accordingly.

SMITH & FOSTER,  
No. 2, DARROW BLOCK,  
St. Albans, Vt. [dt-1m]

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

Phoenix Mutual

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

ITS ASSETS ARE NEARLY

\$3,000,000.

ANNUAL INCOME,

NEARLY TWO MILLIONS,

AND CONSTANTLY INCREASING.

Annual Dividends, 50 Per Cent.

All its Policies are Non-Forfeiting! No restriction on Travel, Location, or Employment! Dividends upon the full Premiums paid on all its Tables!

Notes taken if desired for half of the Premium for the first four years, and in case of death, they are paid by the Dividends and given up and not deducted from the Policy.

The Full Amount of Insurance is Paid.

It has paid in losses to its Policy Holders over \$500,000, and has never contested a claim during the 17 years of its existence. No extra Premiums charged for insuring.

Females, Railroad Employees or Seamen

A Policy in the Phoenix is properly called a Whole World Policy. It permits the insured to travel or reside at will anywhere in the United States or Europe, at any season of the year, without extra charge.

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TRUNKS OF ALL KINDS; TRAVELLING Bags of all kinds, at

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HARTFORD FIRE INS. COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$2,000,000.00.

INS. COMPANY NORTH AMERICA OF PHILADELPHIA.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$2,000,000.00.

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$1,500,000.00.

SECURITY INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$1,477,777.12.

LORILLARD FIRE INS. COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$1,500,000.00.

NORTH AMERICAN FIRE IN. CO. OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$75,000.00.

CORN EXCHANGE INS. COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$550,000.00.

NORTH AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO. OF HARTFORD, CONN.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$500,000.10.

ROGER WILLIAMS INS. COMPY OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$201,358.81.

GLENS FALLS INSURANCE CO. OF GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$218,329.18.

Fire and Marine Insurance effected at this Agency in any of the above well known Companies.

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THE MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO. OF NEW YORK.

The Oldest and Largest Mutual Insurance Company in the United States.

CAPITAL AND ASSETS, \$25,000,000.00.

Life and Accident Insurance

Either separately or combined, at the lowest rates of Premium in the

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